

Englands VVarning - Piece;

O R,

A Caviert for Wicked Sinners to remember their latter end,

To the Tune of the *Rich Merchant Man.*



Rise up dull sinners all
amend your lives with speed
Unto the Lord for mercy call
you never had more need,
Cast off your wicked sins
and throw them quite away
Seek out for grace while you have space
and go no more astray,
Then lets with speed repent
before our time be past
For every man, woman & child
must yield to death at last.

What cruel hainous sins
are raising in this land
Men take delight to disobey
the Lord's holy command,
For some so cruel are grown
they love their sins so well
Before they will their lives amend
they'll run headlong to hell.

The covetous miser he
doth mind his bags of Gold;
Tis his delight both day and night
his treasure to behold,
His riches and his wealth
his only god he makes
Before he will relieve the Poor
he'll rather from them take,
then let us, &c.

Also the Blasphemer
that takes God's name in vain
If he do not repent he shall take part
of Hell's eternal pain,
Then Christian people all
fly from that deadly sin
With speed I say without delay
a goodly life beg in,
then lets with speed repent
before our time be past

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The Drunkard mixes his drink
and runs in sin each day
Upon the Lord he doth not think
but only gets a strap.
His wealth he doth confound
his loope he doth lose,
Besides he doth consume his soul,
till sinne be heu'nly toyes,
then lets with speed repent
before our time be past,
For every man woman & child
must yield to death at last.

And to these dayes each one
are so cruel at each other -
The Father envies his own son
and the Sister hates the Brother,
For now both old and young
their hearts to malice gibe
The rich doth envy at the Poor
and hates to see them liue.
then, &c.

Whom that crying sin,
is up both day and night,
In chambering and wantonness
too many takes delight,
But let all such beware
though they be secure,
Yet certainly at last they'll find
a God most just and sure.
then, &c.

The hateful sin of Pride
is also frequently,
In City, Country and in town,
as you may plainly see
For lofty persons minds
their robes and rich attire
Which will be fuel at the last
for Hell's eternal fire
then, &c.

These are the crying sins
which are used in these days
But I wish all men would strive for to
restrain their evil wayes,
Lest that some judgments great
God doth upon them pour,
By sending Famine, Plague & Sword
our bones to devour.
then, &c.

What sad Calamities
hath hap'ed to this land
For to make men their sins refrain
yet they'll not understand.
But dayly will presume
to follow wickedness,
For day & night some do delight
God's laws for to transgress.
then, &c.

But I wish all such as these
to have a special care,
Lest that God's vengeance on them fall
before they are aware.
For if that his fierce wrath
be kindled on a flame,
He will confound all such as doth
despise his holy name.
then, &c.

Then let us seek for grace
to him that sits on high,
That we in Heaven may have a place
to rest eternally.
For who knows how soon
but Death may on us seize.
Then let's fear the Lord with one accord
and not his wrath despise.
Then let us with speed repent
before our time be past,
For every man, woman and child
must yield to Death at last.